

The Copy Cat by Commernator

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Summary: Eleven goes home after her Movie night with Mike. But not everything is as it seems.

The Copy Cat

(A.N.) Alright, so, I have no idea if anyone is still following me or not, but I do have a new story for you all finally. My first attempt at horror/suspense, I hope you enjoy.

Eleven snuggled into Mike's side, placing her hand on his chest while his arm wrapped tightly around her shoulders. She sighed happily and rested her head on his shoulder. It was their weekly movie night, and the end of *Return of the Jedi* was playing on the TV in his basement. They had argued over whether to watch *Terminator* or *Jedi* earlier in the night, but Mike had given in to his girlfriend's wishes when she used her most adorable puppy eyes on him. Now, two hours later, the sky had darkened and she was beginning to feel a bit sleepy as the Battle of Endor scene played. Mike looked down at her and noted her sleepy face. "We should get you home soon or Hopper will kill me," he said before placing a soft kiss on her forehead, to which she responded to by snuggling more into his chest and purring.

He laughed a bit, "Did you just... purr at me?"

She nodded and looked up at him. "More!"

He rolled his eyes playfully at her and pressed a few more tender kisses to her forehead, nose, and cheeks. She blushed and hid her face in his chest, yawning before kissing it gently. She felt her eyes close, and Mike smiled as she fell asleep.

She groaned as tried to move away from whatever was touching her, and it wasn't until she heard her boyfriend's voice did she realize it was Mike. She sat up a bit and rubbed her eyes, blinking as she looked around. The movie had ended and she felt Mike start to get up. "Come on, I'll give you a ride home okay?"

She latched onto him and pressed him back into the couch. "Can't I just sleep here tonight Mike? I'm really tired, and your mom and Holly are gone..."

He sighed and looked at his watch. "El, you know I'd love that, but

Hopper will kill me if he finds out you stayed here instead of going home."

"But we wouldn't do anything, I am way too sleepy!" She giggled into his chest as he blushed a little.

"I know, but I think it's for the best okay?" He stood up and picked her up in his arms, carrying her out to the car. Once they had reached high school, Mike had proceeded to gain plenty of muscle and height to his frame. He towered over El now, and had no problems picking up his girlfriend, who had stopped growing a year ago.

She sighed and relaxed in his arms, loving the safe feeling he gave her. She threw her arms around his neck as he carried her out the basement door, across the lawn, and into his beat up car. She sat up in the seat a bit more awake and buckled up as Mike got in and started the car. She took his hand in hers as he drove off towards the Hopper's household.

The drive was short and uneventful. El rubbed her thumb along Mike's hand as he drove, and music played softly on the radio, lulling her towards sleep. After around ten minutes they had arrived, and she was once again picked up and carried to her bedroom by Mike. She felt him lie her down softly onto her bed and take off her shoes. She wiggled her legs. "Pants too." She was wearing jeans and hated the feeling of sleeping in them. He giggled a little and slid her pants down and off, helping her put on some much more comfy sweatpants.

He tucked her in and kissed her goodnight. "I'll call you tomorrow, okay?" She nodded, and he was gone.

She sighed sadly and heard him leave and lock the door. His car started and she listened as he drove off, and then it was silent except for the odd creak of the house or chirp of an insect outside. She rolled onto her side and closed her eyes, trying to get to sleep. She tossed and turned for a few minutes before sitting up in bed and turning on her lights. Something felt wrong deep within her chest, a feeling of icy coldness had started deep in her stomach, and she felt goosebumps forming on the back of her neck. She threw her legs out of the bed and opened her door cautiously with her mind, looking

into the dim hallway. She flicked the lights on and stepped out of her room. She looked around as she walked downstairs, not noticing anything that screamed out "LOOK HERE: DANGER!" She stopped in the middle of the living room, trying to understand what was making her feel like this. She sighed and sat down on the floor, and then it hit her.

It was completely silent, and the night sky had gone dark.

Her breathing quickened a bit and she stood up, trying to understand what was happening outside. No more crickets were chirping, no stars were shining in the sky, and no cars were driving by. She ran over to the phone and called the station. The phone rang a few times before a dial tone played, one never ending note that made her feel even more tense and afraid. She placed the phone back and sat down trying to figure out what to do. Her house was too far away for the walkie talkie to reach Mike, and the phone wasn't working.

She pressed her palms to her eyes to try to think. She had faced all kinds of monsters before, and she could deal with whatever this is too. She thought for a few seconds before gasping and running upstairs to grab a pillowcase and the walkie talkie. She jumped the last few steps and sat down in the middle of the living room, placing the walkie talkie on a channel that played static, and placed the pillow case around her eyes.

She concentrated, and a few minutes later, she was in the void. It was dark as always, and she looked around for any sign of the danger she could feel. She walked around slowly, the cold water present against her feet but not wetting her socks, and listened carefully for any indication some supernatural creature was stalking her. Back in the living room, it was silent except for the drone of the static from the radio. A thin trail of blood leaked over her lip, but to anyone observing her from behind, it appeared she was just sitting in silence.

Silence.

El's breathing started to quicken.

She grasped the floor, tugging the carpet fibers into her hand.

The lights seemed to be dimming, and the darkness outside seemed to thicken, swallowing the Hopper household. Nothing could be seen outside the windows.

It remained deathly silent.

Eleven gasped and shot up, letting out a shriek and tearing off her blindfold, running away from the living room. She threw open the door and sprinted out into the night. She didn't pause as she felt raindrops start to pound against her skin, the storm clouds making the darkness seem even more extreme. She had to get to Mike. She had to as soon as possible. She started sprinting down the street, her bare feet splashing in the puddles that had formed from the sudden downpour. She didn't stop until she had reached downtown Hawkins. The streetlights were on here, and she felt safe enough to stop and catch her breath.

What was that thing..? She thought as she panted and started to cry a bit. That, that thing in the void... she had no clue what it had been. It had a demon-like smile, and its mouth had opened so wide she could see rows of jagged, sharp teeth. And the sound, the horrible screech it had made when it leapt at her... she shook off the thoughts and started to walk again. She just wanted Mike.

She walked a few feet and paused, feeling her neck tense again. She snuck a look behind her, and noticed the street lights going out one by one, steadily getting closer to her. The pitch blackness was coming towards her too, and she turned around ready to run again before seeing someone standing across the road, just out of reach of the streetlight's glow. She hesitated and called out to the figure. "Hello?"

She sighed, relieved but confused as Mike came into view smiling at her. El wondered what he was doing out this time of night, but she was just happy to see him. She started to jog towards him before faltering. That smile... it was almost too big. It seemed to stretch across his face from ear to ear, and she took a step back as the look in Mike's eyes went from loving to something else.

Those eyes looked hungry, and as he advanced towards her, she realized this was not her Mike. It looked like him, but this wasn't him. She wanted to run but felt frozen with fear as this, this *thing*

came towards her. Its mouth opened slightly, and she let out a small gasp as she saw the glint of teeth, too many teeth. She finally turned to run, when the creature wrenched its mouth open wide and let out a screech, the same loud, ear splitting, zombie-like screech from the void. She raised her hand to send the thing flying, but faltered. For all the terrible features of it, she got stuck on the eyes. They were exactly like Mike's, down to the little flecks of gold she could see when they were outside in the sun.

That pause was just enough time for the creature to scream again and leap at her. Large black talon-like claws tore through the skin on the thing's arms, and its eyes turned pitch black. Eleven watched all of this in slow motion, and quickly summoned her powers and sent the creature flying into the nearest brick wall. It crashed through in a cloud of dust and debris, and she felt herself sob a bit. She couldn't forget how much it had looked like him. She sighed, crying a little still and was about to turn away when she heard a small chitter from the rubble pile.

The monster jumped out, its arms and face bloodied but intact, and raised its claw-arms into the air and screeched again, pointing one towards Eleven as it sent out a telekinetic blast of its own. She managed to throw up a sort of force field before the blast hit her, but it still managed to knock her sideways. She hit her head on the sidewalk and lay there dazed for a second before another terrifying screech alerted her as the monster leapt towards her once more. She grasped it with her powers and tried to blink the tears and rain drops and pain out of her eyes. It struggled in her grasp, and as she started to strangle it, it began to morph once more. She let out a small gasp that turned into a sob as it once more became her beloved. His kind eyes and handsome face returned, and he clawed at his throat, trying to tear off the invisible hands that were holding him captive.

"El- please.. I-it's me!" he managed to croak out, and she nearly let go but hardened her resolve and tightened her grip around his neck with her mind. He gasped for breath and nearly went still, looking at her with eyes full of sorrow. "I l-love you.."

And with those words, the ones he had whispered to her on late nights when they both were tired, or the words they said to one another when he had given her a promise ring, she almost let go. In

the split second her concentration broke, the creature once again shrieked and jumped onto her, knocking her down. It raised one of its reformed claws and flung it down, the jagged edges piercing her side as she cried out in pain. She let out a sob as its hideous teeth sunk into her shoulder. She started to faint, and could almost hear someone calling her name. Eleven... Eleven....

"Eleven!" Her eyes shot open and she jumped up from wherever she was. She felt a hand on her arm and yanked it away, pushing back the monster with a small blast of force. She backed away, tripping over something and panting trying to rub the sleep from her eyes. "Eleven, it's me, Mike!"

She stopped and blinked a few times. She began to take notice of her surroundings. Her face was wet with tears and her shirt was soaked with sweat. She ran her hands through her hair and moved it away from her eyes to see an extremely concerned Mike standing next to the couch. He looked normal. His face and mouth seemed to have their normal proportions back, and his handsome eyes were full of worry. "Are you... are you okay?" he asked, moving slowly towards her.

She started to cry again and flung herself into his arms. He smelled like safety and home, two things he had given her all those years ago when he found her in the woods that rainy November night. His arms wrapped around her and he pulled her down onto the couch, rubbing her back and stroking her hair softly, whispering calming words to her.

Mike told her that he had gone upstairs to get a drink and use the bathroom, and when he had returned, she had been whimpering and crying in her sleep. When she had finally calmed down enough to speak, Mike asked her what she had been dreaming about. She took a deep breath and proceeded to tell her about her dream. She told him how he had taken her home and left, and then she had had the horrible vision in the void. When she got to the part about choking him, her breath hitched and she buried her head in Mike's neck again, giving him soft kisses across his skin. She finished telling him about the claw stabbing her, and looked at him with her big brown eyes. "It was... it was awful Mike, I was hurting something that almost looked like you... I knew it wasn't but everytime it

transformed back into you... I almost couldn't fight it..." she sighed and kissed his lips softly.

He nodded in agreement, "I wouldn't be able to hurt you either El, I love you."

"I love you too Mike... but that thing's teeth, they were awful, and the sounds it made were the worst shrieks..." she shuddered and looked at him frightened.

"Well you've heard my shrieks before, and they are more girlish than scary" That got a giggle out of her, and he smiled and continued, "I promise I don't have demon teeth either."

She considered it for a second and prodded his lips with her finger, and he opened his mouth obligingly. She looked around and nodded. "No demon teeth," she said, smiling and closing his mouth before kissing him hard. "I love you Mike."

"I love you too El," he responded, holding her hand in his.

"You'd never hurt me..?" she asked him, a bit hesitant.

"Never."

She smiled and snuggled against him again, all thoughts of leaving gone. They fell asleep on the couch and awoke to an exasperated Hopper standing in the basement shaking his head. Mike's dad must have let him inside. Eleven giggled at Mike's face as he tried to untangle their legs, blushing hard.

"Why didn't you come home kid?" Hop asked, rubbing his temples as he sighed.

"I had a bad nightmare, I didn't wanna leave and be alone," she explained, hugging Mike around his neck, making him blush again.

He stood there, looking between the two teens for a few seconds before turning and walking up the basement steps. "Be upstairs in five minutes kid."

She giggled and got up, gathering her things and walking upstairs

after a few minutes. Mike followed behind her and blushed again as she gave him a short kiss on the cheek. "I'll see you at school tomorrow Mike! Bye!" She smiled and walked over to Hopper's jeep. As she put her things in the back, Hopper turned towards Mike, a cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth. "Listen kid-

"I'm really sorry chief, but she woke up crying and-" Hopper raised his hand to silence him, and Mike fell silent.

"It's alright kid, I'm glad she wasn't alone last night," he paused, trying to force out his next words. "And... If my daughter has to be with someone, I'm glad it's you Mike. You're smart, and you obviously care about her," he held out his hand for Mike to shake. "Thanks."

Mike smiled and shook his hand, "of course sir, I would do anything for her."

He smiled back at him, "Besides, even if there was any *funny business*, I know you're smart enough to be safe." He laughed as the boy blushed harder than he realized was possible, and walked over to his Jeep, getting in and driving off as El waved goodbye to Mike.

Well I hoped you all enjoyed! So basically once I finished my last two stories, I honestly just kind of lost the inspiration to write. The hype of season two was winding down, and school and other things just took over my life. But with the trailer for Season 3, I finally wanted to write again. This idea of monster that looked like Mike came from a *Stranger Things* nightmare I had around a week ago. I changed some details and here we are with this story. I hope any new readers enjoy, and thank you to anyone who returned! More to come! (For real this time!)